THE DEMOCRAT.

B. H. ADAMS, Publisher.

CAPE GIRARDEAU, - MISSOURI

INTERRUPTED EXECUTION.

BY WRIGHT A. PATTERSON.

CHAPTER I.

THREE years ago Wild Rock was the county seat of an interior county of Arizona. Just why such a place had been selected as the seat of government for any county was hard to understand. Its only recommendation for public approval was its central location, the place being almost exactly in the center of the county. To the people of the straggling little frontier town Wild Rock was a world within itself. Its one short dusty business street, with the county courthouse and jail—the most commodious building in the place—at one end of it, was the center of the universe to them.

But twice a week Bill Wagner's stage coach, drawn by four big black mules, brought to them news of the outside world from the little telegraph and way station on the Southern Pacific road, some 40 miles to the south.

One of the latest additions to Wild Rock's population had been Frank Wagner, a younger brother of the big brawny frontiersman who supplied the town with its semi-weekly mail and such other commodities as it was necessary to bring from the railway station. This younger Wagner had settled in Wild Rock, first, because his brother was there, and, second, because the place was "out west." He had come west, like thousands of others, in search of health, and in less than a year's time had found it, only to be brought face to face with death in a much worse form—on the gallows.

Before he had been in the place ten months, Wild Rock awakened one morning and found one of her citizens dead, murdered at his home during the night. Had Bill Wagner been at home instead of at the railroad station he would, no doubt, have been arrested as the murderer, because he was the only enemy the dead man was known to have. But, as it was impossible to fasten the crime onto the stage driver, the citizens of the place hastened to lay it upon the shoulders of the younger Wagner, and had Frank arrested before night.

It lacked but six weeks of election day, and the county attorney, eager to be the choice of the people for another term, was untiring in his efforts to weave a chain of circumstantial evidence around the young man that would certainly convict him. Could his purpose be accomplished, it would win for the lawyer the plaudits of the people, and secure him their support at the polls, because the young man's polished eastern manners and good clothes had never been popular with Wild Rock's male population.

Good counsel for the defense was secured in the east, but all to no purpose, for, do what they could, it was impossible to secure an unprejudiced jury, and their only hope for their client lay in the judge. When the case came to trial the few persons who were willing, and knew enough about the case to testify, were placed on the stand in the young man's favor, but the eastern attorneys knew, before half the witnesses for the state were examined, that their case was lost. Even the hope that they might secure some clemency for the prisoner from the judge decreased gradually as the case proceeded, owing to some of the rulings he made in the state's favor.

After the testimony was all in and the county attorney had thrown all of his pent-up eloquence into an appeal for justice to the people, for "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth;" and after the attorneys for the defense had shown to the jury the weak points in the purely circumstantial evidence against their client and had spoken of his good character, known both in Wild Rock and at his eastern home, the fate of the prisoner was left to the 12 men chosen to represent the law in Navajo county.

In less than 15 minutes they returned and announced to the court that they had found Frank Wagner guilty of murder in the first degree, and recommended that he be sentenced to hang.

Never had life seemed so dear to young Wagner as when the judge, in a voice evidently calculated to carry a warning to all in the courtroom, sentenced the prisoner at the bar to be hanged by the neck until dead on Friday, November 25, 1892, between the hours of four and ten a. m.

That date was but five weeks away, and every chance of saving the prisoner's life must be tried in the meantime. The motion for a new trial was overruled by the judge, and an appeal was denied. Two weeks before the day of the execution there was but one hope left, and it was with heavy hearts that Wagner's attorneys, thoroughly convinced of the young man's innocence, started for Washington to lay the case before the president, and appeal to him for a pardon for their client.

The time of execution was less than 24 hours away, already the gallows had been erected in the jail yard, and nothing more encouraging than that the president had taken the case under advisement had been heard from Washington.

CHAPTER II.

The little railway and telegraph station on the Southern Pacific road, through which Wild Rock held communication with the outside world, was dark save for one oil lamp whose feeble rays were flashing through the window and doing much more toward illuminating the depot platform than they were toward brightening the dark corners inside the station. In the operator's room there was the constant tick-tickety-tick-tick of the sounder as the wires carried their messages across the table on their journeys east and west.

Beside the table sat the operator, Fred Burgess, in the large, easy office chair, his feet propped up against the partition that separated him from the little waiting-room and his hands clasped behind his head. The last train for the night had passed, and as he was expecting no orders for his station, he was paying no attention to the constant chatter of the little instrument, but was thinking; thinking of the events of the next day, of the crimes committed in the name of the law, thinking of the innocent people punished and the guilty ones who escaped.

Fred Burgess had come to the little frontier station, not because he needed the position that the place afforded him, for he gave up a better one to accept it, and not because his health demanded a change of climate, but for a love of adventure. He had found the rough hospitality of the western people uncongenial, however, and was beginning to regret the fate that had brought him west, when one day, some months before, he met Frank Wagner, who had accompanied his brother to the railway station. The acquaintance formed that day had been cultivated, and both had afterward found the west a much more congenial place than it had seemed before.

"K K—K K—K K!" The little instrument seemed mad, so loudly did it repeat the letters time after time; but it was not until the sound of the last "click" had died away and other letters were passing backward and forward over the wires that the operator recognized and answered his office call.

"I have an important message for Wild Rock. Is there any way of reaching that point from your office to-night?" said the instrument, after the call had been answered.

"I am afraid not; there is no one near here but myself and the section crew, and no way of covering the 40 miles between here and Wild Rock after night," answered the operator. And then the thought flashed through his mind that it might be news of the pardon they had so long expected, and he added at once: "What is the message about?"

"Sent by order of the president to stop an execution at that place to-morrow morning," was the reply.

"Send it at once and I will deliver it myself, if God permits," went flying back to the end of the line. Then, with painful slowness, the instrument ticked out its glad message. It was as follows:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 22.

To John S. A——, Sheriff of Navajo County, A. T., Wild Rock: President orders execution of Frank Wagner, condemned to be hanged to-morrow morning, stopped and the release of the prisoner upon arrival of pardon papers forwarded through regular channels —, Secretary.

The good words had come, but at what a time! The operator recognized the fact that it lay with him whether or not his friend was to die, and yet could he save him? It lacked but a little over four hours before the time

HAD TO WADE A MOUNTAIN STREAM.

for the execution. There was not a horse that he knew of within ten miles of the station, and, even if he had one, would it be possible to cover the 40 miles of rough mountain road between there and Wild Rock before four o'clock in the morning?

For several seconds Burgess stood thinking.

"It's the very best I can do," he said aloud. "I haven't ridden it for a month, but it is in good condition and ready for immediate use, all but the flat tires, and a minute's pumping will fill them with wind."

Going to the little room, used as a baggage or storeroom when occasion demanded, he brought out a late model wheel that had been sent to him from the east. He knew that he was a fair rider, but had had very little practice for some time, and if he was to ride 40 miles in the next four hours it would require every bit of strength and perseverance he possessed. He inflated the tires, oiled the machine carefully, then strapped the tool-bag, containing pump, wrench and oil-can to the saddle, compared his watch with the office clock to see that it was correct, put the dispatch for the sheriff carefully in an inside pocket, closed the office door, and was away as fast as it was possible for him to push the wheel, on a ride that meant life or death to an innocent man.

The first ten miles was comparatively easy riding, and he determined to make the best of it, then, if he found it impossible to ride fast enough on the wheel, he would stop at the first ranch-house he passed and get a horse.

In an incredibly short time he found himself at the end of his first ten miles and felt but very little the worse for the ride that far. Off to the east, probably a mile, he could see the rays of light from a ranch house, but he had no desire to ask for the assistance of a horse now. He believed that he had a better chance of succeeding with the wheel.

Such a thing as the execution being delayed until later than four o'clock had never entered his mind. Ever since the trial he had thought of the people there more as fiends than as human beings, and he had no doubt that before the clock in the Wild Rock jail had finished striking the hour of four his friend would be launched into eternity through the trap of a gallows if he did not reach there in time to rescue him. Sometimes he feared that they even might set the clock ahead a little, and then he would throw such an additional force onto the pedals as to send his steel steed around the sharp turns of the mountain road at a dangerous speed. Many times he came near striking the heavy bowlders that lined the road. So miraculous was his escape from these that it seemed as though a kind Providence was guiding his machine.

When the second ten miles had been completed he found that his pace was telling on him, and his heart sank as he thought of the distance that still lay between him and the gallows impatiently awaiting its prey. He looked at his watch and found that his first 20 miles had cost him less than two hours of time, and he had over two hours left in which to beat that fiend, the hangman. He would do it.

In the third ten miles it was necessary to cross three mountain streams that were unbridged. At two of these he found it possible to carry his wheel across by stepping from stone to stone, but at the other he had to wade across, and the momentary delay seemed many times as long as it really was, and once on the road again he put forth every effort to make up the lost time.

As he rode out of the mountains on to the level road that stretched straight away to the north for seven miles to Wild Rock, his head seemed to be in a constant whirl, the wheel seemed to run in zigzag fashion over the road and then to stop entirely for minutes at a time. But dominant with the rider was that intense purpose to succeed; to beat the fiendish sheriff to the goal. He kept repeating, time after time: "I'll do it! I'll do it!"

It lacked a quarter to four when he passed the first scattered houses of the town. He had grown simply a part of the machine, and threw his force first on one and then on the other of the pedals only because he had been doing so for how long—to the rider it seemed for weeks.

The fierce barking of the town's innumerable dogs aroused the sleeping populace along the business street, whose curiosity brought them to the windows to see the cause of the commotion. But only a white cloud of alkali dust, visible in the breaking dawn, was to be seen. The man and the wheel neared the end of the straggling street, but the pace had never slackened until with a crash the wheel struck the steps leading to the door of the sheriff's office. Inside were the two men of the death watch and the sheriff. When the prisoner had given up all hope of the pardon reaching him, he asked to be left alone and the sheriff had willingly complied with his request.

At the sound of the noise made by the wheel striking the steps the sheriff stepped to the door and looked out. At the bottom of the steps lay the broken wheel, and off to one side lay the unconscious form of a man. Summoning the assistance of the two men with him, they carried the man into the office and did what they could to restore him to consciousness.

"Some young feller what was ridin' round at night on a bicycle has run into the steps outside and hurt himself," replied the sheriff.

The prisoner was too much absorbed in his own fate to give the matter further thought for a moment, and in the meantime the stranger seemed to be recovering from the shock he had received. But the long ride and the heavy fall had been too severe, and when he recovered sufficiently from the latter to speak it was with a mind wandering with the first symptoms of a fever that was destined to last for days. The first words uttered in this condition gave a shock to the three men in the office and carried a thrill of hope to the condemned man.

"Am I in time? I must be! It isn't four o'clock yet! You mustn't hang him!"

"It's Burgess!" cried the prisoner, springing from the cot on which he had been sitting. "He has the pardon, I know he has!"

A search through the stranger's pockets revealed the telegram, and the unconscious man was for the moment forgotten in the excitement of the news and in releasing the prisoner, who had been so near a criminal's death.

It was nearly two weeks before the fever that the strain of that night had caused left the operator, and another week before he was able to be taken back to the station. During that time Frank Wagner and the sheriff were his constant nurses, one or the other or both being with him all the time.

When Fred Burgess was able to get back to the railway station he found, as he knew he would, another operator on duty there. But he didn't care much, for he had had enough western adventure during that one night's ride across the plains and mountains of Arizona to satisfy him for a lifetime.—Bearings, Chicago.

London Theater Thieves.

The purses, watches and other articles stolen outside the theater doors of London within one week represented in value over $5,000.

LONDON TENEMENT HOUSES.

Laws That Govern Construction in That City.

First of all should be mentioned the provisions for the two great requisites of light and air. The buildings will be four and five stories high, and each building must be separated in all directions from any opposing building by an open space at least equal to its own height. It was with the greatest difficulty that the New York commission secured the passage of an act limiting the ground area to be covered to 75 per cent. These official London tenements will not cover more than 55 per cent. of the building lots.

Habitable rooms must not be less than eight feet six inches in height. Rooms must have efficient ventilation, "the principle on which 'back-to-back' houses are built being carefully avoided." This precludes the construction of a building more than two rooms deep. If such a rule were enforced in New York, the city would be revolutionized. The aim of tenement house architecture in America is to get at least two, and perhaps four, families on each floor of 25 feet width. The London houses, as a matter of fact, will be only one room deep. Living-rooms in them must be of not less than 144 feet superficial floor area. Bedrooms must be of not less than 96 feet superficial floor area nor less than seven feet nine inches wide. Staircases must have horizontal ventilation direct to the open air; corridors must be ventilated on the open air; staircases and halls must be lighted day and night. The last-named regulation is with a view to prevent the immorality and frequent accidents which lack of light in such places is known to produce in tenement houses. A proposed statute calling for light after eight a. m. until ten p. m. aroused much opposition in Albany.

After light and air, safety from fire may be regarded as the next essential of model tenement house construction. The London law provides that all walls shall be of "fire-resisting" material, and that all staircases must be fireproof, and so separated from apartments that they will not afford a flue for the conduct of fire from one floor to another, as so often occurred in the tenements of New York. But the county council has learned that it will pay to go beyond the law, and to make the buildings absolutely fireproof. The first cost will be very little greater, and will be far more than offset by the decreased cost of repairs and the greater permanence of the buildings. Without going into technical details of construction, it may be said the stairways are of iron, stone and cement; that floors are built with iron girders and brick arches; that the wooden surface is laid on solid cement; that as little woodwork is used in the rooms as possible; and that the plaster, even of the partitions between rooms of the same apartment, is laid on iron or wire instead of on wooden lathing. Of the buildings completed it is no idle boast for the architect to say that a fire might be started in any room without endangering any other room. The cost of repairs is thus reduced to a minimum, and the life of the buildings is increased until it is estimated at 450 years, simply because it seems absurd to name a longer period. As a matter of fact, the buildings, if undisturbed, will practically last forever.—Edward Marshall, in Century.

PHILADELPHIA IS A DEADFALL.

Traveling Men Give the City of Brotherly Love a Bad Name.

"Say, I've just asked the house to strike Philadelphia off my route," said the traveling man. "That city is the biggest municipal hypocrite on the map of the world. People always associate it with William Penn, Quaker meetings, and pretty, soft-eyed girls, with their hair laundried as smooth as a shirt front. It is all rot. I want to tell you that Philadelphia is a deadfall. It has the worst political ring that ever picked the pockets of the bleeding taxpayer. It turns out more prize fighters than Boston does. All its confidence men look like preachers, and if you show me a black there where I can't get up a flirtation I'll present it to any charitable institution you name. There's a place I give the cold shake. On my last trip I met some Philadelphia 'boys.' They looked too smooth and innocent to be out late. One of them gave a little supper, and I'll bet it stood him $20 a plate. When things got pretty gay the host ordered his plug hat, set a champagne bottle in it, filled it with chopped ice, called a messenger boy and sent the layout to a 'friend.' The boy had no overcoat and the generous host said to give the lad his. When he came to break away, what do you think? It was my plug hat and my overcoat that were gone. The best kick I could make only brought a laugh, and at four a. m. I sprinted to my hotel in a lowcut vest and a little jinkey Scotch cap. It would take requisition papers and a whole squad of police to get me into Philadelphia again."—Detroit Free Press.

How to Remove a Fixed Ring.

When a ring is fixed on the finger from the swelling of the skin or joint, rub the finger with soap and cold water, and it will then generally admit of its removal. If this fails, take a strong thread or piece of fine twine, and, beginning at the end of the finger, wind it regularly around and around it, with the coils close together, till the ring is reached; then slip the end through the ring from the side next to the end of the finger, and begin to unwind the string, which, as it progresses, carries the ring with it. Sometimes, however, when the finger is very much swollen, and when the ring is deeply imbedded, even this plan will not succeed, and the only resource is to cut through the ring with a pair of cutting pliers, first slipping under it a thin piece of metal or cardboard to protect the skin from injury.—Atlanta Constitution.

AMERICANS' GREAT COURAGE.

Possibilities in Long-Distance Electric Power Transmission.

The feasibility of power transmission by means of electricity over distances of limited extent has been clearly demonstrated in the long years of experience with the direct current, but transmission by means of the direct current speedily reached a limit, beyond which for economical reasons it became inadvisable to go. Yet it was transmitted over very long distances. How best to effect this became the urgent question of the hour.

The direct current was, perforce, discarded, and the alternating current called into requisition. Attainment of an economical solution was by no means easy. Difficulty after difficulty arose, requiring countless experiments to elucidate; and alteration after alteration in machinery was made, involving the expenditure of vast sums. By successive and painful stages a solution was finally reached, and today the long-distance transmission of power by electricity is an established economic fact of a potentiality which seems limited in its comprehensiveness only by the exhaustion of the available natural forces of the earth.

Indeed, everything points to a corner in water powers, speculative enterprises keeping steady step with honest industrial initiative, and generally a little in advance. Waterfall and cataract have suddenly assumed a greater interest to their owners than that imparted by their merely scenic features. Hitherto unutilized water powers have become, in sanguine imagination, possible gold mines in futuro, and the elimination of the domestic coal heap and relegation of the steam engine to the oblivion which awaits the discarded have become articles of faith with water power proprietors.

By far the greatest number of the long-distance transmission installations of the world are situated in the United States. The American seems endowed with the courage of temerity, and is willing to adopt a new thing with promise only, where other nationalities demand assurance or proof. A possibility has a special attraction for the American mind, and the risk of its realization is willingly run. It is this spirit that has covered the United States with electric lighting stations, spread a network of electric car lines over every city of any importance in its boundaries, and initiated the supersession of the steam locomotive itself from its main line railways.—John McGhie, in Cassier's Magazine.

"GOOD-BY, MATE, GOOD-BY."

Telegraph Lineman Drops Forty Feet to Save a Comrade's Life.

The life of the telegraph lineman is full of peril. As a rule, the workman has served an apprenticeship to his arduous occupation, or has previously qualified as a sailor. It is no easy matter to climb hand over hand the huge telegraph poles, the sight of which is so familiar all over the country.

In stormy weather the workman carries his life in his hand. A few years ago a shocking accident drew attention to the dangerous nature of the work. Two men were engaged on a telegraph pole standing many feet above a well-known line of railway. A wire had broken and they were busy repairing the damage.

The wind blew fiercely from the east, and the pole rocked to and fro in the blast. Suddenly a strong gust caused one of the men to turn in his position. In doing so he somehow pushed his companion, who, taken unawares, fell backwards. He clutched at his mate, and both tumbled over amongst the wires.

For a moment the two men hung without speaking a word. Then one of them said:

"Bill, I can't reach the post, and I'm afraid if I move the wires will break." And as he spoke a wire broke.

"Well, mate, it's a big drop down into the grass," replied the other man; "but as you're married and have three kids, I don't see why I should stay here."

"No, don't do that, Bill; you'll get killed, surely. Let's hang a little longer."

But another wire broke, and Bill made up his mind.

"Good-by, mate," he said to the other, who had tears in his eyes; "good-by."

Then he dropped—a fall of 40 feet. He fell among some bushes and rolled down the embankment. When he rose (for he was not dead) he crawled up to where his companion hung.

"I'm all right, mate; I'm going for help."

The station was half a mile distant. When the poor fellow who had risked his life for his mate told his tale he fainted away. The doctor said he had broken his arms and a couple of ribs; but his noble action saved his friend's life and his own.—Pearson's Weekly.

Scotch Cakes.

Only three ingredients are required—a cupful of butter, half a cupful of sugar and 1¾ pints of flour. Mix the flour and sugar. Beat the butter to a cream, and gradually beat it into the dry mixture. The new mixture will be stiff and brittle, and must be worked thoroughly with the hands until it becomes pliable. Sprinkle a board lightly with flour, and laying half of the mixture upon it, roll it down to the thickness of about half an inch. Cut into four parts, and pinch the edges with the fingers to make little scallops. Bake in a modern oven. Be sure that the measurements are exact, and take great care in mixing and baking. The cakes are nice to serve with preserves, marmalade and fruit jellies.—Boston Herald.

Died from a Natural Cause.

Insurance Superintendent (suspiciously)—How did your husband happen to die so soon after getting insured for a large amount?

Widow—He worked himself to death trying to pay the premiums.—Weekly Telegraph.

HUMOROUS.

—"Er man dat am allus lookin' fob trouble," said Uncle Eben, "ain' likely ter git disp'inted, no matter how near-sighted he is."—Washington Star.

—Out of Practice.—She—"Why don't you talk to me as if you loved me?" He (absent-minded)—"I'm so horribly out of practice!"—Detroit Free Press.

—Employer—"You say you would like to go to your grandmother's funeral this afternoon, James?" James—"Yes, sir, if it doesn't rain."—Tit-Bits.

—"Oi saay, Moike." "Yis?" "Phot's dthis worrud? C-o-n—con—v-e-r—ver—s-a—sa—t-i-o-n — shun — conversation. Phot's conversation?" "Oi don't t'ink Oi'm shure, Dinnis, but Oi t'ink dthot's dude fer gab."—Harper's Bazar.

—"I would be mighty willin' to work," Mr. Dismal Dawson explained, "if I was only able." "You look able-bodied enough," said the sharp-nosed lady; "what is there to prevent you working?" "Me pride."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Mrs. Grimble (to her offspring)—"There you go, tracking the floor all over with mud. Didn't I tell you to wipe your feet before you came in?" Johnny—"Oh, nobody's blaming you, ma; you did all you could."—Boston Transcript.

—Little Lord Charles—"Oh, I'm going to be an omnibus conductor when I grow up." Fair American—"But your brother's going to be a duke, isn't he?" Little Lord Charles—"Ah, yes; but that's about all he's fit for, you know."—Punch.

—One View of It.—"Say, what is this social settlement idea?" "It's like this—you're a good fellow, you know." "Yes." "Well, you go and live in a tough neighborhood and you'll seem a darn sight better than you really are!"—Chicago Record.

—"I was very much disappointed today," said Mrs. Northside, when her husband came home from the office. "What about?" "It was a fine afternoon, and I thought I'd return Mrs. Tawk's call." "And she was out, was she? That was too bad." "No; she was in."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

ANCIENT ROMAN CROWNS.

Seven Kinds Were Distributed as Rewards of Valor.

The Romans had various kinds of crowns which they distributed as rewards for martial exploits and extraordinary services on behalf of the republic.

1. The oval crown, made of myrtle, and bestowed on generals who were entitled to the honors of the "lesser triumph," called ovation.

2. The naval or rostral crown, composed of a circle of gold with ornaments representing "beaks" of ships, and given to the captain who first grappled or to soldiers who first boarded an enemy's ship.

3. The crown known in Latin as "Vallaris Castrensis," a circle of gold raised with jewels or palisades, the reward of the general who first forced the enemy's intrenchments.

4. The mural crown, a circle of gold indented and embattled, given to the warrior who first mounted the wall of a besieged place and successfully lodged a standard or flag thereon.

5. The civic crown, (made of the branch of a green oak), a garland of oak leaves, bestowed upon the Roman soldier who had saved the life of a citizen.

6. The triumphal crown, consisting at first of wreaths of laurel, but afterward made of gold—the reward of such generals as had the good fortune to be successful in battle.

7. The crown called "Obsidionalis," or "Graminea," made of the "common grass" found growing on the scene of action, and bestowed only for the deliverance of an army when reduced to the last extremity. This was esteemed the highest military reward among the Roman soldiery.

Athletic crowns and crowns of laurel, destined as rewards at public games, and many other Roman sports, are frequently found mentioned in the annals of Roman history. — Chambers' Journal.

Chapped Lips.

Of the many minor ills to which the small child is subjected in cold weather there is none much more disagreeable than the chapped lips which so often torment him. And when the "chap" becomes a deep crack in the middle of the lip it is even more trying. Then cold cream or vaseline often fails to produce any effect, and the split grows broader until the lower lip looks as if it were cut in half. The one quick and efficient remedy for this is a tiny phial of flexible collodion and a camel's-hair brush. The mother must hold the two sides of the lip together with one hand, while with the other she dips the brush in the collodion and quickly paints over the crack with the liquid. It dries almost instantly, and in drying forms a skin over the wound. Whenever this skin breaks it must be renewed. The small child who does not wince and to whose eyes the tears do not come under this treatment must be heroic indeed, for the first application of the collodion smarts keenly for just a moment. But in two or three days the treatment will have entirely cured the offending member.—Harper's Bazar.

Effects Somewhat Similar.

"Hello, Swiggles! I congratulate you, old boy, on your appointment to that consulship. It's a good position, and you deserve it."

"Thanks, Ruggles. I'm sorry to see you're not looking well this morning. Been sick?"

"No. I was out on a toot last night. That's all."

"Well, good-by! I've got an engagement."

"So have I. So long!"

Ten minutes later they happened to meet at a hatter's where they had gone to have their hats stretched.—Chicago Tribune.